The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1880. VOL. XI-NO. 5.

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IN PREFERENCE TO ALL OTHERS FOR

Style ! Durability !

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MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOY'S, and CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENTS fitted up with NEW FRESH GOODS, carefully made, and of latest designs, which we sell at REDUCED PRICES; having bought and manufactured our entire SPRING STOCK before the recent advance in the prices of raw material and skilled labor.

GREAT BARGAINS

In All of Our Departments.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

☞Samples and Self-Measurements will be sent free on application.

C. N. OEHM & SON,

Cash Clothing House of Baltimore.

230 W. Pratt Street, 55 Hanover Street, *Adjoining Citizens Bank.*

April 1, 1880.

GRAND OPENING

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE

178 W. BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

OF

ROGERS, PEET & Co.

ELEGANT NEW YORK CLOTHING FOR

MEN, BOYS, YOUTHS & CHILDREN.

UNEQUALED FOR

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

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The public are cordially invited. No trouble to show goods.

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Thomas Matthews & Son,

Corner of Canton Avenue and Albemarle Street,

OPPOSITE THE PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, AND No. 88 NORTH HIGH ST., BALTIMORE.

White Pine and Yellow Pine Lumber for Building,

DRESSED LUMBER AND FLOORING,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PALES, etc.,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

WRITE FOR PRICES.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURNS & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by

WOOLFORD & BOYER.

Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. April, 1880.

Woolen Goods.

Goods for Men.

Goods for Boys.

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, BLANKETS.

WE HAVE IN STOCK, Lines of the above Goods in great variety—many of them not put on sale, and of Mallalieu's Manufacture.

Buyers of discernment will confess the figure to be reasonably close.

Goods generally, to meet the calls of the season, all the time in store, and at prices to challenge competition.

WICKES & BROTHER.

Chestertown, October 30, 1879.

CALL and try our new 5c. Cigar, "Electric Light," and other brands, at SPARKS'.

RAMBO LIME.

LAST year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this Quarry that the Limestone came which gave this Lime its high reputation.

This, and this only, is the

GENUINE RAMBO LIME.

I own ALL of the land on which this stone lies. This Quarry was discontinued only because a vein of earth cut off the face. I have cut through this and re-opened these Quarries upon the original stone which old Nathan Rambo quarried as long as he could find it.

WE CHALLENGE ALL TESTS.

R. McCOY & CO.

Robert McCoy bought of me my Blue Quarry—I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the blue stone worked by my father in his lifetime.

NATHAN RAMBO.

This Lime will be shipped by railroad or water to all stations and landings in Maryland and Delaware. For Prices and Terms apply to

B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown.

Office Under Vocelli House.

April 1, 1880—1y

FOR a good fitting and superior Shirt, try the PEARL—at STAFFORD'S.

BONES! BONES!—Highest cash price paid for raw bones, at KENNARD & CO'S.

Select Story.

WHO SHALL WIN?

"Young gentlemen," said Doctor Folio, Principal of the Oakland Classical Academy, "I am desirous of encouraging the study of English composition among you, and with this object in view I offer a prize of ten dollars for the best essay handed in by any of your number, during the present term, upon the subject which I am now about to announce."

There was a hush of expectation as the doctor paused.

"The subject will be, "The lesson to be learned from the life and character of George Washington." I have made this selection because you are all familiar with the career and characterics of this great man, and will, therefore, work on an equal footing."

Doctor Folio proceeded to announce the required length of the essay, and the date at which they must be handed in. He concluded thus:

"Your manuscript must be neatly written, and free from blots. A slovenly manuscript will fail to receive the prize, whatever its literary merits."

This announcement was received with profound interest by the fifty pupils of the academy. All considered the prize well worth trying for. To a school-boy ten dollars represents a large sum. Then, again, the honor of carrying it off would be great, and confer an honorable distinction upon the lucky winner. Of course, all the boys spoke of the prize offer at home.

One of the boys most interested was Julian Holmes, son of a prominent lawyer in Oakland.

"It is an excellent thought of Doctor Folio," said Mr. Holmes, in a tone of approval. "I take it for granted, Julian, that you will compete."

"I certainly shall, father," said Julian.

"Your chance ought to be a good one. You are a very good writer for a boy."

"Yes, father, I think my chance is good. I only wish I felt sure of it. The successful writer is to read his essay aloud at the exhibition on the last day of the term."

Julian's face flushed as he said this, for he was very ambitious, and had a large share of approbativeness. That is, he enjoyed the esteem and respect of his fellow-pupils and his friends.

"It would be very gratifying to me Julian, if you would win the prize," his father said.

"I will do my best, father."

"A father is naturally proud of the success of his children," continued Mr. Holmes. "I am so desirous that you should win this prize that I will make you an additional offer."

Julian listened eagerly.

"You have often asked me to buy you a row boat, Julian."

"Yes, father."

"Should you carry off the prize, I will buy you one that you may feel proud of.

"Oh, thank you, father!" said Julian, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "How kind you are! There is nothing I should like so well."

"Don't thank me yet, Julian," returned his father, with a smile.—"Bear in mind that you haven't won the prize, or got the boat yet."

"But I mean to have both, father," said Julian confidently.

"I hope you may, my boy. You may be sure that I shall have great pleasure in carrying out my part of the contract."

There was no fear now but that Julian would exert himself to the utmost. That his chances were excellent, all his school-mates were agreed. Indeed it was generally thought that the prize lay between him and Harry Carter, a boy of his own age.

There was a great deal of difference between the two rivals in social position, though as regards scholarship and talent they were on an equality.

Julian, as I have said, was the son of a prominent lawyer, whose large professional income enabled him to live in handsome style; while Harry was the son of a poor widow, and paid his tuition by sweeping out the academy, and acting as janitor. He received a small weekly sum in addition to his tuition.

I am glad to say that Harry was none the less respected by his school fellows because he performed these menial duties. He was a frank, manly boy, and as popular as Julian. In fact, the two boys were excellent friends, although they were rivals—a fact which was creditable to both.

Some poor boys are disagreeably envious of their more fortunate companions, and some rich boys are mean enough to look down upon those who occupy a lower social position.

Harry Carter was quite as much interested as Julian in the announcement which the principal had made. He was honorably ambitious of the distinction which would accrue to the winner of the prize; and, moreover, the ten dollars would be a material help to his mother.

It was certain to go to her, if won; for he had no idea of appropriating the money selfishly. He knew what a hard struggle with the world his mother had, and he was anxious to help her in every way.

"I shall be a happy boy if I win that prize, mother," he said, when he returned home from school.—"Think how much good ten dollars will do us."

"That is true, Harry; but there is something more. I shall be proud of you if you succeed."

"So shall I, mother," said he, frankly, laughing as he spoke.

"Your chance ought to be good, Harry," said his mother.

"It is good. The boys seem to think it will be between Julian Holmes and myself."

"Then Julian is a good writer?" inquired Mrs. Carter, anxiously.

Excellent! I think, mother, honestly, that he stands rather a better chance than I."

"That is because you are modest, Harry," said Mrs. Carter, who, like most mothers, was a little inclined to over-estimate her boy.

"No, mother, I am not particularly modest, but in calculating the chances, I can't help feeling that Julian stands fully as good a chance as I, and perhaps better."

Harry needed no other incentive to exertion, but one was added. A day or two later, he carried the quarter's rent to Mr. Delano, a dealer in books and stationery, who owned the small cottage tenanted by Mrs. Carter. He, too, had a son enrolled among the students at the academy.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Delano, pleasantly, "are you going to win the prize Dr. Folio has offered?"

"I am going to try, sir."

"My son tells me that you are one of the leading competitors."

"I think that I have a fair chance, sir," said he, modestly.

"Whom do you fear most?"

"Julian Holmes."

"So he's your chief rival! I hope it don't disturb your friendship."

"Not at all, sir. Julian is a splendid fellow; and, if I can't win, I hope he will."

"That is the right spirit, my boy. I am glad you are free from envy and jealousy. I know Julian, and agree with you that he is an excellent boy. Yet I hope you may win, because you need it more."

"Julian will do his best. His father has promised to buy him a handsome row-boat if he succeeds."

"And what extra inducement have you?"

"Nothing, sir, beyond the ten dollars. That sum will be very useful to mother. She will be very much pleased with my success; but she can't afford to offer me anything."

"Of course not, but I can."

Harry looked at the bookseller with surprise. What could he mean?

"I feel very friendly to you and your mother," the bookseller went on. "Your father was a schoolmate of mine. Now for my proposal. If you win this prize, I will take you into my store at a salary of five dollars a week—that is, if you care to come."

Harry's eyes sparkled with pleasure. He felt as if a fortune were promised him.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Delano!" he said. "There is nothing I should like better. It would make us very comfortable."

"Then do your best to earn the place, my boy."

"You may be sure I shall do my best, sir; but I will ask one favor."

"What is that."

"Don't let my mother hear of your kind offer."

"Why not?" asked the bookseller, looking puzzled.

"Because, sir, she will be so much more disappointed if I fail. If I succeed I should like to have the pleasure of telling her myself."

"You are very considerate, Harry. It shall be as you say."

So it chanced that both Julian and Hary had every inducement to work hard for the prize.

Both began early, and, three days before the time when the essays were to be handed in, each had completed his task.

They were walking home from school together, when Julian said:

"I have a proposal to make to you, Harry."

"What is it?"

"It seems to be thought that the prize is likely to come to one of us."

"Yes."

"I would like to read yours. Suppose you come up to my house this evening. I have a room where we shall not be disturbed. We will read our essays aloud, and compare sides. Of course we will leave them unchanged, and send them in as they are."

Harry accepted the invitation with alacrity. He was anxious to learn how good an essay his competitor had written.

At eight o'clock he rang the bell, and was admitted by Julian himself, who ushered him into his pleasant little study.

The two boys sat down, and Harry produced his essay.

"Read yours first, Harry," said Julian.

And he did so. The essay was well-conceived and well expressed, and did the young writer credit.

Yet Julian could not help thinking that his own was a little superior.

"Your essay is excellent," he said, and said it honestly.

"Now for yours, Julian," said Harry.

Julian read his essay. As he proceeded, Harry's face began to lengthen. He was not blinded by partiality for his own composition, and he could not help recognizing the superiority of his friend's.

As Julian concluded, Harry laid sadly:

"You will get the prize, Julian."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Julian, his face flushed never the less with pleasure at this confirmation of his own judgement. "Yours is a very good one."

"But not so good as yours."

Julian could not help noticing the sadness of Harry's tone, and his generous heart was touched.

"Harry," he said, "will you promise not to be offended at what I have to propose?"

"You would propose nothing at which I could take offense, Julian."

"Then if I win the prize, will you let me put the money in your hands, and content myself with the honor?"

"Your offer is a generous one, but I ought not to accept it."

"There is no good reason why you shouldn't. The fact is, I don't care for the money. I should like the honor, and the row-boat which my father will buy be, if I win."

"Not do I care so much for the ten dollars. A good deal more depends on my success."

"How is that?" asked Julian, surprised.

"Mr. Delano has offered to give me a place at five dollars a week if I succeed."

Julian whistled.

"Then I don't wonder you wan't to win," he said.

"It would be a great thing to us if I could get that place."

"Cheer up, Harry. You may win after all. I don't feel at all sure that I shall succeed."

"I do; but we won't think any more of it this evening. I brought over my books, and, if you like, we will get our morning's lesson together."

"Just what I should like."

At ten o'clock, he went home.

"Mother," he said, "I have read Julian's essay, and I think it better than mine. I have given up all thoughts of the prize."

"My dear boy, you are too modest. Your essay is a beautiful one. I am sure you will succeed."

Harry smiled faintly; he knew his mother was influenced by partiality.

When Julian was left alone, he looked very sober.

"It would be a great shame that Harry should lose his prize when so much depends upon it. Can I give it up? It will be very hard, but it is the only way in which I can help poor Harry."

There was a long struggle in Julian's mind. He had set his heart upon the row-boat, and he craved the distinction of reading his prize essay at the exhibition. But he had a generous heart, and selfishness was subdued.

He deliberately dipped his pen deep in the ink, and dropped a large blot on the first page of his neatly written essay.

"There," he said, with a sigh, "that spoils my chances."

He replaced the disfigured manuscript in his desk, and went to bed.

* * * * * * *

Exhibit day came. It was the day on which public announcement was to be made to the winner of the English prize, and there was great excitement in the school.

What puzzled the other scholars was the sober faces of the two leading competitors, and their indisposition to talk of the matter.

"They are afraid of each other," was the general verdict. "Both are feeling anxious."

It was not till the close of the exercises that Doctor Folio proceeded to award the prize.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "of the essays presented in competition for the prize which I offered some weeks since, all are creditable.—There are two which are manifestly superior to the rest. These are the essays offered by Julian Holmes and Harry Carter. The former is, on the whole, the better of the two, and would be entitled to the prize but for one fatal objection. It is disfigured by a blot, and this bars it out. I therefore adjudge the prize to Harry Carter, who will come forward and receive it."

During this speech Julian sat with downcast face, but at the close he returned Harry's benevolent look with such a friendly and cordial smile that no one would have suspected his disappointment.

Harry read his essay, and was greeted with prolonged cheers.

When the exercises were over, his friends pressed forward with congratulations. Among them was Julian.

"Dear Harry," he said, "I congratulate you heartily on your success."

"Julian," said he, in a low voice, "I think I understand it. You spoiled your essay to help me."

"Hush!" said Julian, smiling. "I have nothing to regret."

"I will tell Doctor Folio. You ought to have the credit of it."

"So I have. Didn't he say mine was a little better. No, Harry, let matters stand as they are."

"If it were not so important for me to win, I would not accept your sacrifice."

"You must not find an apology for my carelessness," he replied; at this moment better satisfied than if the prize were his.

"I will never forget your generous kindness, dear Julian."

And he pressed Julian's hand warmly.

"What does this mean, Julian?" asked his father, angrily, when they reached home. "How could you be so inexcusably careless? You know how much I wished you to succeed."

"Let me explain, father. I don't think you will blame me after you have heard all."

Julian told the story briefly, acknowledging the hard struggle he had with himself before he could make up his mind to sacrifice his ambition on the altar of friendship.

"My dear boy," said the lawyer, his face radiant with pleasure, "I am far prouder of you than if you had won the prize. You have shown a noble heart, and you shall lose nothing by it. The row-boat shall be yours, and you shall have a better one even than I intended to give you."

So Julian obtained his boat and Harry his place, and they became warmer friends than ever. The rivalry which might have alienated less generous natures only rivited them more strongly together.

YELLOW JACK.—The earliest notice of yellow fever is that of Ligon, in his "History of Barbadoes." He there states that it broke out early in September, 1647, and that before the expiration of a month, "the living were scarcely able to bury the dead." Thereafter it did not attain any very remarkable severity until 1793, when it destroyed not less than six thousand men of the garrison of Port Royal in the course of a few months. In 1804 it was brought to the south of Spain, and visited Cadiz, Malaga, and Carthagena. But its greatest force fell upon Gibraltar, where, out of the civil population of the town, amounting to fourteen thousand persons, only twenty-eight escaped attack.

The two sons of the Prince of Wales do not show any signs of tattooing on their noses.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT.

Something of Their Past Records.

(From the N. Y. Sun.)

JAMES A. GARFIELD FOR PRESIDENT.

Gen. James A. Garfield of Ohio was nominated for President by the Convention at Chicago on the thirty-sixth ballot, yesterday. In making this nomination, the supporters of Mr. Blaine took the lead, and the other anti-Grant elements in the Convention promptly followed. The Imperialist phalanx remained unbroken, and stubbornly cast three hundred and six votes for Grant down to the very end.

In considering this nomination, we desire first of all to thank God for the defeat of Grant and the decisive overthrow of the third term conspiracy. It is an event on which the American people in a body may well offer up rejoicings to Heaven; and the friends of liberty and of the rights of men in all nations under the sun, should join with them in the manifestations of their heart-felt gratitude.

But is Gen. Garfield such a man that patriotic citizens of the United States can well and wisely support him for President? Can the executive authority of the republic be safely intrusted to him? These are the questions which every voter should now ask; and we answer calmly and emphatically that he is not such a man.

The character of Gen. Garfield can be judged by the following conspicuous facts:

When, in 1872, the Credit Mobilier bribery and corruption among members of Congress were first exposed Gen. Garfield was one among those accused. He immediately published a letter expressly and positively denying that he had any share in it. Next, on Jan. 14, 1873, he appeared before the committee of the House of Representatives, and under oath declared: "I never owned, received, or agreed to receive any stock of the Credit Mobilier, or of the Union Pacific Railroad, *nor any dividend or profits arising from either of them.*"

But on Jan. 23 next following, the Hon. Oakes Ames was examined before the same committee, and proved by record evidence, partly in Gen. Garfield's own handwriting, that Gen. Garfield had had stock in the Credit Mobilier, and that he had received dividends thereupon. Mr. Ames also testified that Gen. Garfield had visited him subsequent to the commencement of the investigation by the House, and had endeavored to induce him to swear before the committee that money thus paid him as dividends had been delivered to him as a loan; and yet at the very same time that he had endeavored to procure this false testimony from Mr. Ames, Gen. Garfield had called upon Ames to pay him an additional sum of money on account of the Credit Mobilier, claiming that the dividends he had already received had not been as large as they should have been.

A perjurer, and a man who attempts to suborn perjury, is not fit to be President.

One other important feature in the history of Gen. Garfield is his relation to the De Golyer paving contract. One De Golyer had made a contract with the Shepherd Ring in Washington to put down a quantity of patent pavement. Gen. Garfield was Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House of Representatives. In order to pay for this patent pavement, an appropriation was needed from Crogress. The sum of five thousand dollars was paid to Gen. Garfield on behalf of De Golyer, and appropriations to the amount of millions of dollars were thereafter granted to the Washington Ring, the appropriation for the De Golyer pavement being included therein.

These are some of the facts in the public record of James A. Garfield, now the Republican candidate for President of the United States.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, the mischiefs of electing such a man President would all seem blessings compared to the results which would have followed the success of Grant and the third term.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

Two years ago Chester A Aathur was removed by Hayes and Sherman from the office of Collector of the Port of New York, on the direct charge of inefficiency, with the implied charge of dishonesty.

In his message to the Senate of Jan. 31, 1879, Mr. Hayes said:

"With my information of the facts in the case, and with a deep sense of the responsible obligation imposed upon me by the Constitution, to 'take care that the laws be faithfully executed,' I regard it as my plain duty to suspend the officers in question, and to make nominations now before the Senate, in order that this important office may be honestly and efficiently administered."

In order that the custom laws might be faithfully executed, Mr. Hayes found himself compelled, by a deep sense of duty, to remove Chester A. Arthur.

In order that the Custom House might be efficiently managed, Mr. Hayes regarded it as his plain duty to remove Chester A Arthur.

In order that the office might be honestly administered, he felt obliged to remove Chester A. Arthur.

In Mr. Hayes's view, the then Collector of the Port of New York was neither a faithful, a competent nor an honest officer of the Government.

What was John Sherman's opinion of Gen. Arthur at that time?

In a letter to Hayes, dated Jan. 28, 1879, Mr. Sherman said:

"If, to secure the removal of an officer, it is necessary to establish the actual commission of a crime by proofs demanded in a court of justice then it is clear that the case against Mr. Arthur is not made out, especially if his answer is held to be conclusive, without reference to the proofs on the public records and tendered to the committee and the Senate. But if it is to be held that, to procure the removal of Mr. Arthur, it is sufficient to reasonably establish that gross abuses of administration have continued and increased during his incumbency; that many persons have been regularly paid on his rolls who rendered little or no service; that the expenses of his office have increased, while collections have been diminishing; that bribes, have been received by his subordinates in several branches of of the Custom House; that efforts to correct these abuses have not met his support, and that he has not given to the duties of the office the requisite diligence and attention, then it is submitted that the case is made out. This form of proof the department is prepared to submit."

In short, John Sherman claimed to have proof in his possession that Chester A. Arthur was either a fool, incapable of watching the thieves whom he cherished in his office, or a rascal who winked at their crimes. Indeed, he plainly insinuated that nothing except the actual legal evidence of Arthur's criminality was wanting to put that official into prison instead of into retirement.

What a gratification it must be to Gen. Arthur and to his many warm friends to find this very same John Sherman and Rutherford B. Hayes now supporting him for Vice President of the United States.

New Treatment of Cancer.

The London *Lancet* gives some particulars of investigations at Queen's hospital, Birmingham, by Dr. John Clay, touching a new method of treating cancer. A study of the pathology of cancer led him to the opinion that a carbo-hydrate of some kind might prove beneficial, and for several reasons he decided that Chian turpentine might prove the most suitable. Mr. Clay reports several cases in which remarkable benefit evidently resulted, with every prospect of a permanent cure. The new remedy was administered in pills as follows: Chian turpentine, six grains; flowers of sulphur, four grains; to be made into two pills, to be taken every four hours. In a case where the turpentine could not be digested in pills, it was made into an emulsion. An ethereal solution of Chian turpentine was prepared by dissolving one ounce of the turpentine in two ounces of pure sulphuric ether, (anæsthetic). Of this solution, ½oz.; solution of tragacanth, 4 oz., syrup, 1 oz.; flowers of sulpher, 40 grains; water, 16 oz.; 1 oz. three times daily. The maximum dose of the Chian turpentine which can be safely and continuously given is twenty-five grains daily. It is advisable to discontinue the remedy for a few days after ten or twelve weeks' constant administration, and then to resume it as before.

Commenting on the effects of the new medicine, Dr. Clay says: "The turpentine appears to act upon the periphery of the growth with great vigor, causing the speedy disappearance of what is usually termed the cancerous infiltration, and thereby arresting the further development of the tumor. It produces equally efficient results on the whole mass, seemingly destroying its vitality, but more slowly. It appears to dissolve all the cancer cells, leaving the vessel to become subsequently atrophied, and the firmer structures gradually to gain a comparatively normal condition. It is a most efficient anodyne, causing an entire cessation of pain in a few days, and far more effectually than any sedative that I have ever given. In the cases I have described no sedative was employed in any instance, although in some cases where great pain had existed previously to commencing the treatment, large doses had been given. Whether this arrest of pain arises from the death of the tumor, or is due to there being no longer irritation of the sentient nerves (in consequence of tension being withdrawn by the removal of the cells), the fact is the same.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible, aside from the factor of divine agency in its authorship, is the insoluble enigma of the literary world. It well may be. Think of it! It is the oldest book upon the earth, still read among men; going back beyond the Roman or the Greek literature; going back farther than any other, in parts of it, toward the time when the waters of the deluge subsided from the hills of Western Asia; farther than any other toward the very morning of creation, when the sons of God shouted for joy. Yet its vitality continues, and its power over the human mind remains unwasting. It is a large book. It sets its stately front for two millenniums along the lines of chronology, history, biography, philosophy, and human science. It challenges assault at ten thousand points. It says to science, "Search the strata beneath, and the stars above, and find a God more equal to the problems of the universe than Him I reveal!" It says to philosophy, "Find anything in human nature, any power or any passion, any mean inclination or sublime possibility, of which I do not give the manifestation and the explanation!" Thus challenging assault, and opening its line along the whole extent of it to any endeavor to overthrow it, it remains the most remarkable of books.

☞ A sad-looking man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded and put him up a little dose of quinine, and wormwood, and rhubarb, and epsom salts and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

White is the festival dress of 1880.

All Sorts of Clippings

Irish butter—little pats.

Black straw is fashionable.

Patti has a slight moustache.

Pale blue is trimmed with yellow.

Cuba wants another revolution.

The Gypsy is the coming bonnet.

An Alabama lass of 70 has eloped.

Baby shows flourish in Minnesota.

Carriage wheels are always tired.

Surah is only a soft twilled silk.

Now begin to lie about the thermometer.

The "Zola" is the latest Parisian hat.

A wise salesman should not be color blind.

Put not your trust in—specalation.

Puffs in the arm holes will be revived.

Man has science; woman has taste.

Sliding rings on parasols are revived.

A man is known by the diary he keeps.

Directoire bonnets continue to be worn.

Snuff will always prove a 'tickler friend.

Angel sleeves are seen on dressy camisoles.

Is a clothing store a coterie, a pantry or a vestry?

Jet is more fashionable than ever this season.

The thermometer now has an uphill time of it.

Tulle continues to be the preferred bridal veil.

Sermons in stones must be of the hard-shell variety.

Ragusa is the latest revived antique point lace.

A young man in love is easily overcome by lassie-tude.

Old gold remains the most popular shade of yellow.

In Leadville a man often has wealth in his mine's-eye.

Elegant sunshades match the toilets this season.

There must be a great many shoots in a park of artillery.

All fashionable coiffures are worn low or half low.

True worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness.

All spotted and polka dotted goods will be much worn.

Of all the work that produces results, nine-tenths of it is drudgery.

Spanish lace has been revived for millinery purposes.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

No part of a man will stand as many blows as his nose.

Bob Ingersoll deals in theological oleomargarine.

A little rough handling will take the starch out of a potato.

It is a wise cow that knows its own oleomargarine.

When a man's aft collar button comes off his choler rises.

Politicians should never swear by Jupiter. He was the first to bolt.

Whittaker's ears have lost their value as campaign issues.

The leading spirits of Rome are either English or American.

Parasols are cheaper in Europe than they are on this side the water.

You can "blaze" a tree without setting fire to it.

Barnum is in quest of the man who hasn't a vanity.

Robert Browning has the physique of a granadier.

New York has not yet decided where to put that obelisk.

In Barren county, Ky., miners are digging for gold.

Brevity is the soul of telegraphic wit when sent "collect."

A calf cannot go into society without revealing himself.

Could not the doctor's fee be justly called ill-gotten gains?

Courtney wants to know who sawed Cadet Whittaker's ears.

Ability and necessity will dwell near each other.

Brocade interwoven with real gold thread is a costly new stuff.

There is nothing so imprudent as excessive prudence.

Some odd new brocades have Chinese faces among their designs.

Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.

Helena, Montano, expects to double her wealth in three years.

Great pianists are said usually to have broad, stubby fingers.

Mignonette and amethyst tints prevail in the imported costumes.

Happily the rise in paper hasn't yet affected the paper collars.

A Paris correspondent says that donkey meat is superior to horse.

A boy ten years old tramped all the way from Iowa to San Francisco.

There is a Boston Bible class with a teacher on a salary of $1,000 a year.

Sara Bernhardt has discarded her beau because he was poor but virtuous.

There are now 97,000 miles of submarine telegraph cable in working order.

The Parisians have begun to like yachting. One gentleman has silk instead of duck for sails.

It's a wise man that can recognize a circus from the description given on the advertising boards.

One of Barnum's Zulus is lost. He is supposed to have obtained a job at whitewashing.

David Davis is not the sort of a man to stay on the fence long, as fences are usually constructed.

Jones being told he looked seedy, and asked what business he was in, replied: "The hard-wear business—look at my wardrobe!"

JOSH BILLINGS says: "I never argy agin a success. When I see a rattle-snaik's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself, that hole belongs to that snaik."

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